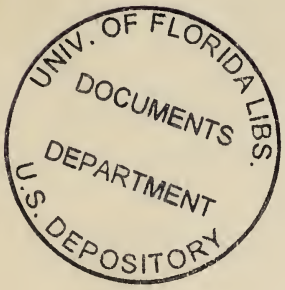
James Graves Scrugham

LATE A SENATOR FROM NEVADA

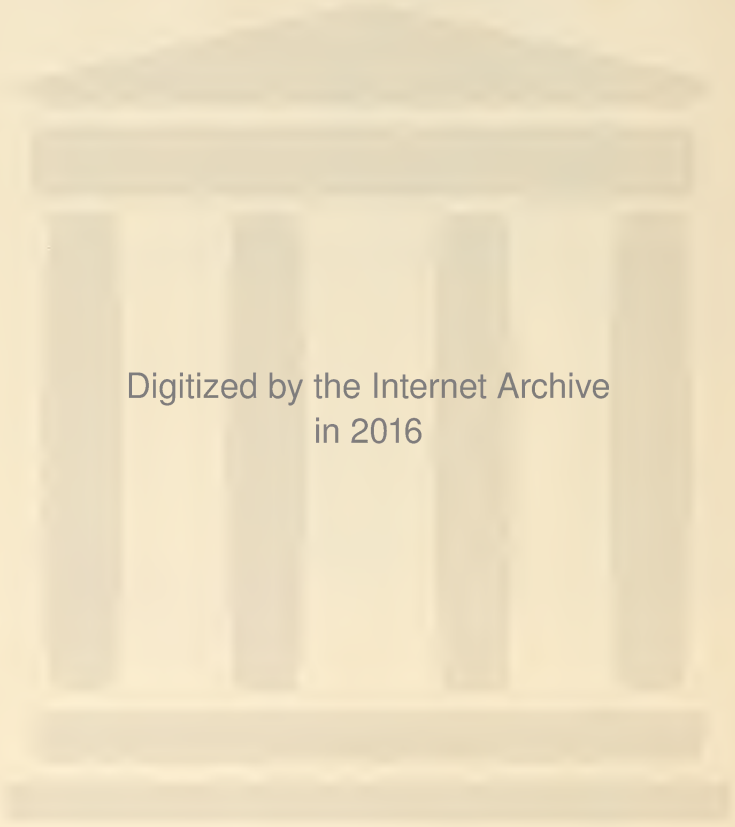
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS

UNIVERSITY
OF FLORIDA
LIBRARIES

Y 7.1: Acs 6



FLARE


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/memorialservices00wash_68

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

James Graves Scrugham

LATE A SENATOR FROM NEVADA

Seventy-ninth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1948

S435u

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

Contents

	Page
Biography	5
Memorial services in the House:	
Memorial service program	11
Invocation and Scripture reading by Rev. James Shera Montgomery, Chaplain of the House	13
Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House	16
Address by Mr. F. Edward Hébert, of Louisiana	18
Address by Mr. J. Harry McGregor, of Ohio	27
Benediction by the Chaplain	34
Memorial exercises in the Senate:	
Invocation and Scripture reading by Rev. Bernard Braskamp	37
Roll of deceased Members, read by the Chief Clerk	40
Tribute by Mr. C. Wayland Brooks, of Illinois	42
Tribute by Mr. Clyde R. Hoey, of North Carolina	45
Memorial address in the Senate:	
Mr. Pat McCarran, of Nevada	55
Proceedings in the Senate	61
Proceedings in the House:	
Tributes by:	
Mr. Berkeley L. Bunker, of Nevada	69
Mr. Charles A. Plumley, of Vermont	70
Mr. John R. Murdock, of Arizona	72
Mr. J. Buell Snyder, of Pennsylvania	74
Mr. Francis Case, of South Dakota	74
Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, of Massachusetts	75
Mr. D. Lane Powers, of New Jersey	76

Biography

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM was born in Lexington, Fayette County, Ky., January 19, 1880; attended the public schools and was graduated from the engineering department of the University of Kentucky at Lexington in 1906; served successively in engineering capacity in Cincinnati, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; and San Francisco, Calif.; professor of mechanical engineering, Engineering College, University of Nevada, at Reno, 1903–14, dean 1914–17; commissioned major, United States Army, in 1917 and promoted to rank of lieutenant colonel in 1918; State engineer of Nevada 1917–23; State public service commissioner 1919–23; Governor of Nevada 1923–27; editor and publisher of Nevada State Journal 1927–32; special adviser to the Secretary of the Interior on Colorado River development projects in 1927; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-third and to the four succeeding Congresses and served from March 4, 1923, to December 7, 1942, when he resigned to become Senator; elected to the United States Senate on November 3, 1942, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Key Pittman for the term ending January 3, 1947, and served from December 7, 1942, until his death at the United States Naval Hospital in San Diego, Calif., June 23, 1945; interment in Mountain View Cemetery, Reno, Nev.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *April 18, 1946.*

Mr. FERNANDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 604.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Tuesday, the 28th day of May 1946, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-ninth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Army Band Orchestra

Presiding officer.....The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo.....Hon. Louis C. Rabaut
Representative from the State of Michigan
At the piano.....Joan Marie Rabaut

Scripture reading and prayer.....The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address.....Hon. F. Edward Hébert
Representative from the State of Louisiana

Solo.....Hon. Louis C. Rabaut
At the piano.....Joan Marie Rabaut

Address.....Hon. J. Harry McGregor
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps.....Charles Barnes
Master sergeant, United States Army

Benediction.....The Chaplain

James Graves Scrugham

Memorial Services

TUESDAY, *May 28, 1946.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Members of the House rose and remained standing while the relatives and friends of the deceased Members were escorted into the House Chamber by the Committee on Memorials.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

Amen.

Hon. LOUIS C. RABAUT sang Ave Maria, composed by A. H. Rosewig, accompanied by Joan Marie Rabaut at the piano.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave, Ave Maria.
Ave Maria, Gratia plena
Dominus, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria mater Dei
Ora, ora pro nobis.
Peccatoribus, peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen, Amen, Ave Maria, Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

The CHAPLAIN:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"So runs my dream, but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

"I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our needs is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!'

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, Senator from the State of Nevada. Born January 19, 1880; engineer; teacher; soldier; graduate University of Kentucky 1906; commissioned major, United States Army, 1917, and promoted to rank of lieutenant colonel 1918; State engineer of Nevada, 1917–23; State public service commissioner, 1919–23; Governor of Nevada, 1923–27; Member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-third to Seventy-seventh Congresses; elected to the United States Senate 1942; died June 23, 1945.

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON, Senator from the State of California. Born September 2, 1866; lawyer; student University of California; elected Governor of California 1910; reelected 1914; one of the founders of the Progressive Party 1912; nominee for Vice President of the United States on the Progressive Party ticket 1912; elected to the United States Senate 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934, and 1940; died August 6, 1945.

JOHN THOMAS, Senator from the State of Idaho. Born January 4, 1874; teacher, livestock dealer; banker; student Phillipsburg (Kans.) High School and Central Normal College; superintendent of schools of Phillips County, 1898–1903; register of land office, Colby, 1906–9; mayor of Gooding, Idaho, 1917–19; chairman of the Republican State Central Committee 1922–24; member of the Republican National Committee, 1925–33; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election from June 30, 1928, to March 3, 1933; again appointed on January 27, 1940, and elected the same year; reelected 1942; died November 10, 1945.

JAMES WHEATON MOTT, First Congressional District of Oregon. Born November 12, 1883; lawyer; student of University of Oregon; Stanford University; graduate of Columbia University 1909 and Willamette University 1917; served in the United States Navy 1918 and 1919; city attorney, Astoria, 1920–22; member of the Oregon House of Representatives, 1922–28, 1930–32; State corporation commissioner 1931–32; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died November 12, 1945.

JOSEPH WILSON ERVIN, Tenth Congressional District of North Carolina. Born March 3, 1901; lawyer; graduate of the University of North Carolina 1921; student University of North Carolina Law

School 1922 and 1923; Member of the Seventy-ninth Congress; died December 25, 1945.

JOHN BUELL SNYDER, Twenty-third Congressional District of Pennsylvania. Born July 30, 1877; teacher; student Harvard University, Columbia University; graduate of Lock Haven (Pa.) Teachers College; taught school 1901–12; western State manager, educational publishers, 1912–32; member of the National Commission of One Hundred for Study and Survey of Rural Schools in the United States 1922–24; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died February 24, 1946.

WILLIAM OLIN BURGIN, Eighth Congressional District of North Carolina. Born July 28, 1877; merchant; lawyer; banker; student Rutherfordton Military Institute and University of North Carolina Law School; mayor of Thomasville 1906–10; president of and attorney for the Industrial Bank of Lexington; elected to the State house of representatives 1930 and to the State senate 1932; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died April 11, 1946.

Mrs. ROGERS, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Infinite God, our rock, of refuge in every time of need, in this silence we would find our song of praise. Our hearts and memories are moved over scenes and associates which are no more. Our departed Members have labored through the storm; their souls have become immortal. Bless those whose hearts are bedewed with love and tenderness. When Thou comest in the darkness, when the thorn enters the side and our loved ones are smitten, then Thou art most gracious and full of mercy. Loving Father, in the arms of faith we bring all sorrowing hearts to Thee, Thou whose name is above every name, the One with the pierced hand and the wounded side; be Thou the divine herald who goes before, proclaiming final peace and happiness. In our Redeemer's name. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Hébert].

ADDRESS BY HON. F. EDWARD HÉBERT

Mr. Speaker, my colleagues in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States, the families and relatives of those colleagues in whose memory we gather here today in this historic Chamber:

On this solemn occasion when we are met to commemorate the lives, the spirit, and the good work of our colleagues who have been called to their eternal rest, I would ask you to come with me in spirit to that hallowed shrine which stands on Bedloe Island, at the entrance to the harbor of New York. That is indeed a hallowed sanctuary suited to the mood and the purpose of this ceremony, for there stands the Statue of Liberty, symbolizing the soul of America, silently proclaiming the ideals for which our colleagues labored and died. On the base of that monument we find these words, quoted from the Growth of the American Republic:

Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp, cries she with silent lips.
Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free—the wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my light beside the golden door.

Yes; there you find the soul of America. There you find the source of strength, the inspiration, the courage, the faith in humanity that have brought through to the realization of high ideals, of noble endeavor, of heroic achievement, the records of the men we memoralize today. Well did the Senator from California, HIRAM JOHNSON, know; well did the Senator from Nevada, JAMES SCRUGHAM, know; well did the Senator from Idaho, JOHN THOMAS, know; well did the gentleman from Oregon, JAMES MOTT, know; well did the gentleman from North Carolina, JOSEPH ERVIN, know; well did the gentleman from Pennsylvania, J. BUELL SNYDER, know; well did the other gentleman from North Carolina, WILLIAM BURGIN, know

that it profiteth man nothing if he gained the whole world and thereby suffered the loss of his own soul. Well, too, did they grasp the easy transition that it profits a nation nothing if it gain the whole world and suffer the loss of its own immortal soul. They, too, have held high that torch of liberty beside the golden door. They, too, watched with bated breath and a sense of solemn responsibility the hundreds of millions of people who looked to that hallowed shrine for security, for peace, for possible happiness. Like a giant beacon their light, too, has shone out over the world, guiding men from the dangers of Scylla and shielding them from the rocks of Charybdis. The danger, far from passing, is increasing in our own times, of men avoiding Scylla only to be crashed against Charybdis.

It is not so long ago that one whose memory we revere uttered an impressive prayer for America. He begged of Almighty God to vouchsafe to the people of this Nation the vision which is necessary to profit fully from the victory that was sure to come. Thank God that victory has been granted to us. To what end would that victory have been had we, in gaining it, snuffed out the light of the lady in New York harbor and had closed shut the golden door to a suffering world and in that victory, have lost the immortal soul of America. Righteous as our cause, just as our purpose, lofty as our ideals, what would it have profited to have gained the whole world and suffered the loss of our own soul.

In victory and triumph we must turn humbly toward God instead of away from God in haughty satisfaction of material attainment.

We must pray God that the vision may be ours: The vision for all the people and the vision, especially for us, in whose trembling hands has been placed the shivering, vibrant, yet strong, soul of America. Ours is the duty to hold high the torch, when men would snatch it from our grasp. Our American youth sacrificed their lives in order to preserve the brightness and the clear message that flashes from the soul

of America. Ours is the task to be worthy of them and to leave for the future generations of young men and young women an example of vision that is clear, unwavering, and unfaltering. To do that we ourselves must beware of the rocks which flank both sides of the hallowed shrine of Liberty.

On one side there is the dangerous rock of Scylla. It has often been camouflaged as Liberty, but we must know that it is a liberty of indifference—indifference to truth, indifference to morality, indifference to justice, and more than all else, indifference to the social good. It is an alleged vaunted right of the individual to say, to do, or to think anything whatsoever he pleases—no matter who or what might suffer. It is based on the assumption that there is no absolute standard of right and wrong; it sets up the individual as the supreme authority; it regards all regulations of liberty as unwarranted and unjustifiable restraint. We need not look far to find the various manifestations of this dangerous Scylla. We find it in the ideologies which maintain that there is no such thing as truth—there is merely a point of view; and their profound reason for such philosophy is because each man is his own measure of what is truth or good.

We look to education and find it indoctrinating even the young with the principle that all discipline is a restriction on the individual's right of self-expression. We come to the political order and we find it assuming that the state has a merely negative function—that is, to protect the individual rights. Finally, in the economic order, it argues that if individuals are left free to run their business as they please without any social interference on the part of the Government, the maximum good of all will, in some miraculous way, be the outcome.

With heavy hearts and with nervous misgivings, we have witnessed the ravages caused by this relentless Scylla. We have seen it produce, or try to produce, a civilization made up of a series of cross-currents of egotism. Under the aegis of that concept, the world began to take on the aspect of a

free-for-all which was dignified by calling it the struggle for existence. No one was interested in the common good, but only in his own little cosmos which he proudly called his ego. Little wonder that on such sharp rocks unity was shattered, unselfishness was lost, and the spirit of sacrifice for others was almost completely torn to shreds.

But the ravages of this indifference to the common good did not end here. It tore into the economic structure of life and left tremendous gashes which we called inequalities. Power and credit were concentrated in the hands of a few while the vast majority were reduced to the state of wage earners with little or no material security for the future. Logically that could lead to only one thing: The right of the rich to be rich, and of the poor to be poorer. Where were those words from the silent lips "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." Had the light at the golden door been dimmed by the glitter of the gold itself? Was our Nation going to lose its soul?

There were some who tried to avoid Scylla and they steered a course to Charybdis. They felt that in some way or other men had to be lifted out of their individual desires and brought to a regard for the good of all; some remedy had to be found to divert economic forces to the common good. Some means had to be invented to equalize inequalities and to recall an almost forgotten tie which bound men as brothers. And in looking for these avenues of escape they were dashed against the rocks of Charybdis.

They forgot that men were "yearning to breathe free." To them there opened but one course and that was to force them to live for the general welfare and to seek wealth and power in order to equalize inequalities. On the rocks appeared the barnacles of dictatorships. Dazzled by siren calls they proclaimed if individuals cannot be responsible to the voice of conscience prompting them to recognize social responsibilities, if unity did not come from inside men, from their minds

and their hearts and their souls, then it would be made to come from outside—through compulsion, through force, through dictatorship.

Can you see the ship freighted with the destinies of men, swaying from one side, where the individual was called supreme; to the other, where the state was crowned with the laurels of supremacy? There is nothing surprising in that twist, for where there was no guardianship over the mind and heart and soul of liberty, the principle that the strong individual is permitted to devour the weak one will naturally lead to the principle that the strong state may devour the weak one. So it was that liberty began to take on a meaning which we emphatically refused to accept or to recognize—the liberty which Frederick Engels called the liberty of necessity. We have heard it shouted from high balconies, from crowded market places—"man is free, when he acts according to determined laws"; man is free, so long as he obeys the will of the dictator, and the dictator is always identified with the common good. Under this concept of society, then, we will have freedom of speech and freedom of the press—if they are used to support the dictator; men will have freedom to vote—if their ballot is approved by the dictator; men will have freedom to think, to will, to desire, if they think and will and desire what the dictator thinks and wills and desires; and thus the total man is absorbed by the state. Yes, the total man, body and soul, and for that reason we have called this not liberty of necessity, but totalitarianism.

From our vantage point at that hallowed shrine of liberty, looking out over the world today we still see nations in danger of being dashed against Scylla or ground to complete impotence by Charybdis. Our colleagues, whose memory we revere today, have handed into our keeping that torch of liberation for the homeless, the tempest-tossed, the wretched refuse of the greed, the selfishness, the tyranny of men who, thank God, have gone down in defeat.

Yes, we have gained a victory of arms, but in gaining that victory have we not marched to the precipice of defeat when we face the danger of losing that for which we fought to win.

The danger is not a new one.

It is as old as America itself.

Every individual American, every individual who has served in this body has been faced with the same danger and has met the challenge unhesitatingly and unflinchingly.

Those men whose names you heard called here today—SCRUGHAM of Nevada, JOHNSON of California, THOMAS of Idaho, MOTT of Oregon; ERVIN of North Carolina, SNYDER of Pennsylvania, BURGIN of North Carolina—those men who now fail to answer "Present" when their names are called because they are no longer among the living, faced this challenge every day of their lives in the service of the people they represented and served.

Day after day they stood in this Chamber and the Chamber at the other end of this Capitol and bowed their heads in silent prayer for the strength to keep the light burning and the door open for the peoples of a world seeking the right to live in a country which guaranteed the dignity of the individual and yet preserved the soul of the Nation itself by perpetuating that right with the force of arms if necessary.

Day after day they stood with steadfast determination and unswerving courage in the cause of a people who to themselves could say: "We are free to think as we please, we are free to speak as we please, we are free to write as we please, we are free to worship as we please—our forefathers could not. We can."

Day after day when our men of arms stood on the battle fronts of the world and our men of brawn stood on the production lines in this "the arsenal of democracy"—these men of fortitude and purpose, these colleagues of ours stood at their posts of duty on the home front of eternal vigilance keeping the light burning and the door open, until felled by the hand of death.

With humility, we acknowledge our unworthiness to be their successors, just as they, in turn, felt their own unworthiness to succeed the long line of noble men stretching back to the first fathers of our glorious Republic.

As we pause to do honor to their memory we suddenly find ourselves listening to other voices, the voices of our American boys, descendants of tired, poor, huddled masses, who entered through the golden door and found their pathway brightened by the torch of liberty. Boys who made the supreme sacrifice of their lives in order to protect and immortalize the soul of America.

The poppies cannot bloom on Iwo-land in row on row, as told of Flanders' field;
Black sands of hell and blood-soaked sacred strand
Where liberty-or-death's blood bathed proud shields,
Brave devil-dogs from halls of Montezuma
Who tamed the pirates well at Tripoli
Now sanctify their blood on Iwo Jima
And plant their gallant hearts on Suribachi.
Heroes of Roi, Namur, Guam, Saipan,
Who bled the shock of awesome Peleliu,
Engaged Nippon to their last fighting man.
On tragic Tarawa; they died for you
On hell's black sands. Where poppies cannot grow
Thrive living seeds of freedom, row on row.

—*George William Cooper.*

They died for you and for you more than any individuals in our beloved America; because you and I are keepers of the light—you and I are guardians of the torch, you and I are to hand down to future generations that soul of America which is worth fighting for, which is worth dying for, and God grant that we hand it down as clean, as untarnished, and as strong as our departed colleagues handed it to us. American liberty is based on the recognition that freedom is not merely a constitutional right, nor merely a natural right, nor simply a human right, nor a social right. It is, above all things else, a spiritual right. Let dictators talk with benevolent suggestions of giving freedom; our answer was heard in the roar of

cannons, the barking of guns, the whirring of planes that dropped protesting bombs. And those bombs, as they hurled down from the skies, screamed back our answer "All men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights." With that endowment of God, and with the faculty of free will, there came to every man the gift of conscience which tells him not what he would like selfishly to do, not what he must do, but what, as an intelligent being, and a social unit, he ought to do.

America, recognizing the brotherhood of man, appreciates the nature of man as a self-directing individual who, recognizing his responsibilities before God, before his fellow men, and before his country, can be trusted to make the right and proper choice—a choice that will redound to the good of all. That idealism approaches reality when we scan the records of our young men in our camps, on our ships, in our planes, on our battlefields, in our "God's acres" where stand the crosses row on row. That ideal found realization in the services rendered by our young women as Wacs and Waves and Spars, as cadet nurses, as Red Cross nurses, as workers in our defense plants. That ideal found realization on the home front when even necessities were sacrificed so that still another bond might make victory more secure and more lasting. Oh, yes, my colleagues, "there are such things," and thank God, that at least in this part of the universe, there are such things. And if we feel heavy with a sense of our responsibility in the task set before us in the most critical days of our Nation and of the world, let us rededicate ourselves at that hallowed shrine of liberty and, putting our hands into the hand of God, go forth with courage, with determination, with faith in a future that must bring lasting peace for men and for us in our own time, eternal rest and everlasting reward.

It took the hell of war to make men realize that there are no atheists in fox holes.

It will take the hell of the struggle for peace to make civilization realize that there can be no atheism in government if

we who have won an earthly victory are to win an eternal triumph.

No nation can live without acknowledgment of a Supreme Being.

Governments founded on atheism are but meteors flashing temporarily across the skies of the international firmament. Their light blazes brilliantly and illuminates the world momentarily, only to fade out on the distant horizon, forgotten in the ages.

Governments founded on a belief in God and dependence on a Supreme Being are perpetual lights, burning eternally, held aloft as beacons to the downtrodden peoples who seek not to conquer the world but to save their own immortal souls.

As long as America keeps its immortal soul will freedom and independence live.

When America loses its immortal soul freedom and independence die.

America has always recognized the existence of God. Yes; the Jehovah of the Jews, as well as the Christ of the Protestants and the Catholics—the God of Jew and Christian, the Supreme Being of all mankind. There is no atheism in the concept of government which inspired the organization of the United States of America. There can be no atheism in a government whose Declaration of Independence begins by admitting the goodness of God and who proudly proclaims to the world, "In God we trust."

No, my colleagues, there can be no compromise between a government of atheism and a government of God.

There can be no deviation from the course set by those who have gone before us. If we are to keep faith with those who have died we must avoid both Scylla and Charybdis. We must face the danger and meet the challenge with the same fortitude and determination with which they met it while they lived and served here.

Today from Valhalla they can smile on those of us who have been left behind to carry on where they who have gone left off, with the full knowledge and satisfaction that we shall keep burning the light and shall keep open the golden door of the Goddess of Liberty, symbolic of the immortal soul of America, because we, too, like those who have lived and died, know it would profit America nothing to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of her immortal soul.

Good night, a sweet good night, my departed colleagues; rest your weary heads on the bosom of endless time, sleep in the comfort of eternal peace; we shall not break faith with you—the immortal soul of America shall not be lost.

Hon. LOUIS C. RABAUT sang Softly and Tenderly, by Will L. Thompson, accompanied by Joan Marie Rabaut at the piano.

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling
Calling for you and for me;
See at the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

Come home, come home, ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling;
Calling for you and for me.

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me.

Come home, come home, ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling.
Calling for you and for me.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. McGregor].

ADDRESS BY HON. J. HARRY M'GREGOR

Mr. SPEAKER: This day has been set aside as one of reflection upon the past; as a day on which to recall to our minds with special significance those colleagues who have labored

with us for varying periods of time, some briefly and others for a lengthy span, but all of whom gave their devoted and unselfish efforts to the cause of our representative form of government toward the end that this Nation might have truly a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

We came here today to pay respect to men entitled to our respect. It is a significant thing that the House pauses to do honor to those who have striven, and striven hard, to be worthy of this place. We have met in solemn exercise to express as best we can our regret at the passing of these friends and colleagues. And in the memorial exercises of this day I wish I could adequately and eloquently picture of them the commendable things which they did and said in the service of this Congress.

The Members of the House know well the extreme mental and physical exertions required in the performance of service as a Representative of the people, and it is not to be doubted that many of our colleagues whom we remember and cherish today paid the price of a shortened existence on this earth as a result of their constant and conscientious response to their multitude of exacting and pressing duties. Service here in the capacity of a faithful servant of the people involves, as all of us recognize, not only mental and physical efforts, challenging to a high degree, but also other sacrifices and obligations which need not be detailed here because of our common knowledge of them.

Since our last memorial service, seven Members of this Congress have departed from these scenes to answer the roll call yonder. These stalwart souls gave their lives, or a generous portion thereof, in the service of their country, and it is for us who remain to carry on, holding high the banner of freedom and permitting no power, or combination of powers, to bring down that emblem, but to keep it ever flying over everything that we love and prize in our individual and collective lives.

They were men of character and good judgment, more anxious to be right and to do the right thing and to render service to those whom they represented than they were to seek praise or seeming popularity. They would rather subject themselves to criticism and follow a course they believed to be right than to escape that criticism by following a doubtful course. As Representatives in Congress they served their constituents faithfully and well. They commanded the friendship and respect of those with whom they served, and I am sure that the membership of this House feels that in the passing of these honored colleagues we have lost good men; good Representatives, and good citizens have gone from us. They were worthy of all the ambitions of their lives; they were statesmen of high order. They loved their country, their State, their home, their friends. Their friendships knew no party lines. They lived and believed that—

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

They placed their hands on many shoulders of younger and inexperienced colleagues, and we, who but recently obtained the honor of membership in this legislative body, will miss their natural talent, the zeal of their youth, the energy of their middle life, the wisdom of their old age.

We who continue to serve as the Representatives of the people can truly evaluate the service of our comrades and

their contributions to the Nation's welfare and security. We knew them intimately and were daily in their company. We observed them on the line of duty, under fire and facing courageously the crises that daily confronted them. We know of their conduct under the pressure of unprecedented events and problems. Truly, it requires courage, stamina, and stability to withstand the high tension of present-day conditions. They who have passed on possessed these attributes, as we who are assembled here today can testify. But the constant strain, pressure, and burdens exacted their toll and deprived our comrades of the satisfaction and enjoyment of the fruits of their labors in what we all fervently hope will be the dawn of a new era of peace on earth and good will among men. When history is written, let it not be remiss in recording the names of our deceased colleagues high on the honor roll of those who have diligently served their Nation and their fellow men.

Selection as a Representative of the people of this Nation is not only a distinctive honor but also a weighty responsibility and demands the best faculties we can muster to cope with the vital problems of our times. Especially is this true today in these United States when forces both within and without are attempting to destroy our constitutional way and fasten upon us individually and collectively a philosophy and system foreign to us and in which our forefathers, who had faith in our future, would have no part.

At no time in the history of the Congress has there been prevalent such a vicious and strongly organized campaign as that directed today toward belittling and smearing the American Congress in the eyes of the American people and the world at large. Groups and individuals without respect for, nor allegiance to, the constitutional form of government which has made this country great and its standard of living the highest in the entire world are striving constantly to cast the blame on the Congress indiscriminately for any situation which may or may not occur, according to their

wishes or designs. Is it any wonder, then, that the imposition of added burdens and worries, not to mention insults and slander, must be reckoned with, and most certainly constitutes not only a menace to our free Government in these United States but also to the well-being of our membership, beset, as they are, from all sides with an infinite number and variety of tasks, large and small?

I am aware, Mr. Speaker, that we as Representatives of the people are human, and all humans can and do make mistakes, and therefore we are prepared to receive honest criticism. Such criticism may often be deserved, and certainly should not be unwelcome. In many instances, criticism comes from those who lack a full understanding of the requisites of membership in either the House or the Senate. While we are and must ever be receptive to suggestions, advice, and criticism of the people whom we represent in these trying days in these hallowed halls, we should not ignore the efforts of individuals or groups unsympathetic with our representative form of government to poison the minds of the American people against their chosen Representatives. We would be derelict in our sworn duty to protect our constitutional liberties through longer permitting unjustified and indiscriminate attacks upon the Congress as a whole to continue unheeded and unchecked. It is high time, both to preserve the integrity of the Congress and protect the memories and ideals of those who have served here in the past, as well as in days to come, that we scrutinize and investigate thoroughly the persons and groups seeking to undermine and destroy our truly representative form of government.

Mr. Speaker, I could go back through the years and name countless former Members of Congress who sacrificed days, months, and years of their lives by unstinted devotion to their ideals of those who have served here in the past, as well as the tenets of our forefathers and further extend the influences of good and sound government for all.

Our former colleagues stricken during the past year were worthy and honored Members of the most distinguished legislative body in the greatest nation of this day. As we recall them to our minds, we appreciate the qualities of mind and soul that they exhibited among us. Today we bow in reverence and honor to them. Their passing leaves gaps that cannot be filled, although their places be taken by others who will measure up to the high standards of this body.

We are linked to our departed colleagues through pleasant memories of their words, acts, and deeds. We are privileged also to go to the RECORD at any time to derive inspiration from their recorded remarks and actions. Future Members may also know our comrades from the Record, but, unfortunately, they will be limited in their appraisal by the fact of not knowing the personalities and the friendships of these leaders, as we have known them.

Henry C. Churchman has written a poem entitled "What Monument?" which seems to me to summarize the lives and memories of our deceased colleagues in the continual struggle of life and in the service of our fellow men.

Mr. Speaker, I will read this poem in reverence and respect to those whom we today memorialize:

What monument shall you erect
To foil Oblivion's lethal scheme,
When Death his customs shall collect,
And terminate this fleeting dream?

Build not of stone, for stone is cold,
And heartless, through Time's deathless reign;
No tenderness doth mortar hold
Where mem'ries spring to life again.

Build not of tyranny nor greed,
Nor blood-drenched garments of the slain;
Build not of Mother's tears that plead
The safety of their sons in vain.

But build of honesty and grit,
With consciousness of virtue's might,
With force of wisdom, grace of wit,
Determination for the right.

And build of courage, worthy deeds,
With selfless service to your kind;
Yes, build of thoughts for others' needs,
Adorned with cheerfulness of mind.

Thus through the ages shall survive
This monument you've builded then,
Your inmost self kept still alive
Within the living souls of men.

I have one more thought that I would like to leave today. It is the thought that it is more fitting to honor our fellow Members during their days of active service in these halls rather than after they have shed this mortal coil. It has been tritely said thousands and thousands of times that honors mean more to a man when he is alive than when he is dead. But how often do we overlook in these busy and hectic days the simple truth of this statement. How often has the world eulogized in death the man it knew slightly and valued less during his lifetime. There is a moral in our thoughts at this point that we should all take to heart. In all of our relationships and activities of a kindred nature, as representatives of the people, let us strive to become better acquainted one with the other, and when one among us demonstrates qualities of leadership and virtues of rare and unusual worth, let us not permit these virtues to be hidden under a bushel, as it were, but render our acclaim and honor forthwith.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" to which all men are targets would be easier to withstand if along the highway of life we were more alert and generous to give credit where credit is due.

Waterman has expressed this thought in his homespun way so much better than I can that I wish to conclude with a few lines written by this advocate of the good-neighbor policy among men:

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Charles Barnes, master sergeant, United States Army, sounded taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

The relatives and friends of the deceased Members were escorted from the Chamber.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 604, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Members, the House will stand adjourned until 11 o'clock tomorrow.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, May 29, 1946, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *April 21, 1948.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, the hour has arrived for holding memorial services for deceased Senators.

Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D., pastor, Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., offered the following invocation:

Almighty God, with a humble spirit and a contrite heart we call upon Thy great and holy name. In the life of each of us there are times when all our feelings seem to impose silence.

Grant that in this hour of sacred memory we may enter into a blessed communion with Thy Spirit, and the spirit of all upon whom Thou hast bestowed the glorious benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."

Hear us for the sake of the Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Solo, There Is No Death—O'Hara—by Robert C. Nicholson, baritone, Wesley Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., accompanied on the piano by William Watkins, organist, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

THERE IS NO DEATH

I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you,
They walk now here at your side,
They tell you things are true,
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flower and soul and God
Know there is no death?

I tell you they have not died,
  Their hands clasp yours and mine,
They are but glorified,
  They have become divine.
They live, they know, they see!
  They shout with every breath:
"All is eternal life;
  "There is no death."

Dr. BRASKAMP. The Scripture readings are taken from the Old and New Testaments.

Psalm 85: "I will hear what God the Lord will say, for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints."

Psalm 90: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Then from the New Testament these gracious words which were spoken by our blessed Lord:

John 14: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

In St. Paul's great chapter on the resurrection, the fifteenth of First Corinthians, we find these words:

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER BY DR. BRASKAMP

Most merciful and gracious God, the God of our fathers and of their succeeding generations, through Thy holy word Thou hast spoken and in our hearts Thy voice is heard.

Thou art the author and disposer of human life, from whom our spirits have come and unto whom they return.

We thank Thee for Thy servants who walked and worked with us for a little while upon this earth and who now are with Thee in heavenly blessedness, having received, as the reward of their faith and their fidelity, the salvation of their souls.

We rejoice that whatever was noble and beautiful in their life, in Thy sight and in our sight, abides forever. We bless Thee for the glorious testimony that they sought to serve their generation according to Thy holy will and were numbered among those who do justly, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with the Lord. We have not said "farewell" but only "good night," hoping on some blessed morn to meet and dwell with them in hallowed union in that land whose language is music and where joys are unceasing.

Grant unto the sorrowing and the lonely the consolation of Thy grace. May they yield themselves without murmur or complaint to the dispensations of Thy providence for Thou dost give and Thou dost take away, and blessed is Thy name forevermore. Help them to lay hold of the peace and the eternal companionship of the Christ.

We pray that Thou wilt continue to bless our Nation, our President, and all who hold positions of leadership and responsibility in the affairs of government. May we be a Nation whose God is the Lord. We are not asking Thee

to deal with us in any preferential manner. We are not praying that Thou wilt make our beloved country a comfortable lotus land. May we be loyal partners with all who are laboring to build the kingdom of justice and righteousness, the social order in which there shall be peace and good will among men. Enable us to carry on in faith, in faithfulness, and in the fear of the Lord as we daily meet the problems and tasks which challenge the consecration of or noblest manhood.

To Thy name we ascribe all the praise. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED SENATORS

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chief Clerk will call the roll of the Members of the Senate who have passed to the Great Beyond.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, a Senator from the State of Nevada, born January 19, 1880; graduated from the University of Kentucky receiving bachelor and master degrees in engineering; Governor of Nevada, 1923–27; editor and publisher of the Nevada State Journal, 1927–32; served as State engineer, 1919–23; United States Army 1917–18; one of the incorporators of the American Legion, 1919; commander of the Nevada Department, American Legion, 1919; and national vice commander 1920–21; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; elected United States Senator November 3, 1942, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Key Pittman ending January 3, 1947. Died June 23, 1945.

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON, a Senator from the State of California, born September 2, 1866; educated in the public schools of Sacramento and University of California; by profession, lawyer; elected Governor of California in 1910; reelected Governor in 1914; elected United States Senator in 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934, and 1940; died August 6, 1945.

JOHN THOMAS, a Senator from the State of Idaho; born January 4, 1874; engaged in livestock business; served as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Idaho for 4 years; was member of the Republican National Committee two terms; was appointed to the Senate June 30, 1928, and elected November 6,

1928, to succeed Senator Frank R. Gooding, deceased, for the term ending March 3, 1933; again appointed to the Senate January 27, 1940, to succeed Senator William E. Borah, deceased, to serve until the next general election, when he was elected to fill balance of Senator Borah's unexpired term ending January 3, 1943; reelected November 3, 1942, for the term ending January 3, 1949. Died November 10, 1945.

CARTER GLASS, a Senator from the State of Virginia; born January 4, 1858, printer; reporter; editor; publisher; student of private and public schools; member, board of visitors, University of Virginia, 1898–1906; member State senate, 1899–1903; delegate, State constitutional convention, 1901; Member, House of Representatives, Fifty-seventh to Sixty-fifth Congresses; Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's Cabinet; declined reappointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election from February 2, 1920; died May 28, 1946.

JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD 2d, a Senator from the State of Alabama; born, July 8, 1872; lawyer; graduate, University of Alabama, 1891, and Georgetown University, 1893; major, Alabama National Guard, 1901–3; member, State house of representatives, 1904–5; trustee, University of Alabama, 1917–19 and 1931–46; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died, June 12, 1946.

CHARLES OSCAR ANDREWS, a Senator from the State of Florida; born, March 7, 1877; soldier; lawyer; judge; attended South Florida Military Institute; graduate, State normal school, 1901, and University of Florida, 1907; captain, National Guard, Spanish-American War; secretary, State senate, 1905–7 and 1909–11; judge of the criminal court of record, Walton County, 1910–11; assistant attorney general, 1912–19; circuit judge, seventeenth judicial circuit, 1919–25; member, State house of representatives, 1927; city attorney, Orlando, 1926–29; State supreme court commissioner, 1929–32; elected United States Senator, 1936 and 1940; died, September 18, 1946.

JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, a Senator from the State of North Carolina; born, September 14, 1873; editor; lawyer; attended Raleigh Academy; graduate, Wake Forest College, 1893; editor, Biblical Recorder, 1893–1907; member, State board of agriculture, 1896–1900; Presidential elector, 1908; collector of internal revenue, 1913–21; member, constitutional commission, 1915; trustee, University of North Carolina, 1930; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died, December 15, 1946.

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi; born, October 13, 1877; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn.; Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; and the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; lawyer and farmer; member of the State senate, 1908–12; served as Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi, 1912–16, and as Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected United States Senator, 1934, 1940, and 1946; died, August 21, 1947.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Brooks].

Mr. BROOKS. Mr. President, memorial services are traditional in America. There are many ways of conducting them. But this service is indeed unique.

We are honored to participate as representatives of the 48 States of the Union as we meet by our own resolve to pay tribute to the lives, the works, and the memory of our former associates and colleagues who have answered the roll call of eternity.

While we do this by our own motion, in a truer sense we do so under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us.

While we pay our humble tribute to the revered memory of these former Members, colleagues, and associates, as individuals we pay special tribute to their endeavors and their contributions to the preservation of our Republic and the advancement of human rights under our form of government.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and because they take the right steps to make it better.

In this forum—this truly deliberative body—these men came representing their various States and constituencies to participate and play their full part in hammering out on the anvil of consultation and public debate the legislative enactments that would help steer our ship of state ever onward and forward to fulfill its destiny among the governments of the earth.

In this all-important and arduous task they gave their all and at the end of their life's endeavor, standing at the top

of the ladder, they handed on to us our great responsibility and stepped across the great divide.

By those who knew each of them intimately and well, no doubt an individual tribute could be paid that would live as a bit of romantic literature, but I was a junior in this honored body when most of them had passed, on life's highway, that stone which marked the highest point. They had climbed the heights and left petty superstitions far below, while on their foreheads fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

Coinciding with the glorious history of our beloved country is the history of the Senate of the United States. Each page of that history records the endeavor, accomplishments, and occasionally the death of an illustrious man. Each era has been both important and strenuous, but in my humble judgment no period in all our history has been more exacting and demanding of human energy than the short span of years in which these honored representatives of their respective States actually laid their lives on the altar of service to their State and Nation.

These men with their varying viewpoints, with their peculiar backgrounds of education, interests, and training, representing their particular political philosophies, made their magnificent individual contributions to the inspiration, courage, and strength of present-day America.

These honored men carried into this forum their talents of determination representing the varying views that not only occasioned the birth of our beloved country, but guarantees its future existence not only as a free country for Americans, but the hope of the freedom-loving people of the entire world.

Throughout their lifetime, countless individuals were the beneficiaries of their works, and America is likewise the real beneficiary of their good deeds. On such an occasion, I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine.

Words of any one individual are inadequate to fully express on an occasion of this kind the thoughts and emotions

many may feel. Each of us in varying degrees learned to know and respect the individuals whose memory we honor today. With this fully in mind may it not be said that we, the members of the Senate of the United States who are assembled here today, cherish and honor the memory of our colleagues who have gone to meet their Maker.

They left us singly and in the sad succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled with us, we honor them together today.

During their long careers of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, they walked in honorable friendship the declining pathway of age.

No martial music, no blare of trumpets, no great parade, summoned these men either to their outstanding service or to their graves, but they were fighters just the same for the cause they represented. Each, in his own way, was a champion of the cause he believed best for his country.

We respect them for their undaunted courage, the energy and devotion with which they marched along the long rugged road of duty.

We miss them, but we know that while they no longer answer the roll call in this historic Chamber, they answer that longer roll call that contains the names of heroic men who served and died that America might be and continue to be a Government of free men devoted to liberty, to justice, and to God.

Solo, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere—Ferris—by Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by William Watkins.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the songbirds dwell.
Hush then thy sad repining,
God lives and all is well.

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done.
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate.
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

(Chorus)

Somewhere, somewhere, beautiful isle of somewhere.
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful isle of somewhere!

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Hoey].

Mr. HOEY. Mr. President, life is real and likewise mystical. The high estate of man's creation makes him a little lower than the angels and gives him dominion over all other created and elemental things. He is the inheritor of all the past ages. From the dusty pages of antiquity the progress of man has been illuminating the processes of life over the long centuries. Into the real life of today has been projected the mystical life of tomorrow. Immortality begins on earth. The struggle of man has been to build an enduring civilization here and to adorn it with the revealed and discovered truths of God. The search of man has been for truth, and in his quest for its attainment he has mastered much of the universe and made it subservient to his imperial will.

The majestic passages in the first chapter of Genesis describing the origin of man stamp him with the image of his Creator and crown him with honor and glory, and then the stately steppings of that graphic portrayal of his possibilities accord to him unquestioned dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, including all things passing through the paths of the sea. Man has marvelously attained this dominion and fulfilled this prophecy. He has gone deeper down into the sea than any fish has dared to go. He has soared higher into the air than the eagle, the king of birds, has been able to ascend—and he has gone into the stratosphere to join the celestial bodies as they float out through illimitable space.

Man speaks and his voice can be heard around the world, whereas the explosions of nature can be heard for only a few hundred miles, at best. The hurricane roars across the surface of the earth at 150 miles an hour, but man speeds along at 400 miles an hour and travels through space in a ship of his own creation at 800 to 1,000 miles an hour. Man measures the distance of the sun, moon, and stars, and counts and measures the circumference of the constellations in the sky. When Halley's comet skirts across our horizon at a terrific rate of speed, man calculates within a few seconds the time when that swift traveler will return after it has rambled through unexplored space along its charted course for 75 years.

Man has only recently split the atom and released the force and power of the universe. But the atom is not dangerous. Only man is dangerous.

But there is appointed a time for man to die. There is something majestic about death. Its very universality makes it a dreaded visitor in the homes of kings and subjects, presidents and citizens, rich and poor, white and colored, around the whole world. It levels all rank and makes a common denominator of all men. Sickness and death are not the tragedies of life; they are only the sadnesses. The age-old question propounded in the Book of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again," is affirmatively answered by the faith of man in immortality, and all nature shares that faith as it experiences a beautiful resurrection each springtime from the death of winter.

Edmund Burke said that civilization was a covenant between the dead, the living, and the unborn. What do we mean by civilization? It encompasses everything. The fields and farms, the factories and shops, the business houses and homes, the skyscrapers and humble cottages, the railroads, automobiles, and airplanes, the telephones, telegraph and radios, the churches, synagogues and cathedrals, the schools, colleges, and universities, the games, sports, and recreational

centers, the graveyards, cemeteries, and mausoleums—all of these and more constitute American civilization.

Deep in the consciousness of our civilization is the stalwart figure of the early settler and pioneer who came to our shores seeking liberty and freedom, and who dared to visualize a land where a man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and where none could molest or make him afraid. It also embraces the daring conception of a government where all power is lodged in the aggregate assembly of free men and women and where government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Our honored dead have given us this civilization, and our loved colleagues belonged to that immortal company of men and women who through the years labored intelligently and painstakingly to perfect this structure of a democracy that might endure and vouchsafe to us who live today, and to the unborn of tomorrow, the blessings of liberty and freedom and the benign influences of justice and righteousness in government and among men.

Civilization also encompasses the indescribably sacred picture of a mother bending over the bed of her offspring at eventide to hear it lisp the name of God in the simple prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The supreme sacrifice by which men die for their country and fellow men becomes a part of our civilization. In all wars, and particularly in the recent one, heroic souls have joined the immortals of earth in selfless death that liberty might endure and that peace might be possible. Only one illustration shall suffice. When one of our oil tankers was torpedoed in the Pacific and the commanding officer and his crew escaped the flaming boat, it appeared that the lifeboats were overloaded, whereupon the gallant lieutenant said, "We must leave the lifeboats for the injured," and immediately dived overboard into the surging sea, followed by 15 of his heroic men. Only 3 of them were ever seen again. They were swallowed up by the angry waves, and they had only the

ocean for a sepulchre; but they left a trail of glory that time cannot efface.

At the same time a pharmacist mate administered tannic acid to the deep burns of the injured men to prevent their flesh from flecking off, and then visited another boat for the same purpose, and while swimming to a third boat became exhausted and went down, never to come up again; but there was the dew of immortality upon his brow and the radiance of heaven illuminating his watery grave.

Our illustrious colleagues in whose honor we assemble today belong in the category of those who served during those days of stress and crises, and they are among the casualties of war. They died gloriously in the service of their country. Eight of our comrades have passed away since the close of the war. They participated in the debates on the momentous issues determined in this greatest world forum of thought and action. They had a share in all of the history-making legislation enacted preceding and during the war years. They gave unstintingly of their time and efforts in behalf of our victory at arms and in furtherance of the cause of peace. We pause today to pay homage to their memories. Their colleagues who survive and still serve here will pay just tribute by the written word to them individually and thus preserve for posterity a record of their illustrious service and achievements. The youngest died in his 65th year and the oldest had passed his 88th milepost. Reasonably long life was vouchsafed to each of them ere the "silver cord was loosed or the golden bowl broken." In saluting their memory, I feel that they were able to join Byron in telling Death, that omnipotent tyrant, to his everlasting face that he possessed no sting, and in challenging the grave, his sleepless handmaiden to dare proclaim a victory. May God rest their souls.

The high obligation of this hour remains with us who still live and serve here to preserve the heritage of our civilization for the benefit of those now living and for the unborn

to follow after us. The days may be dark and the future clouded with many unhappy prospects; but if we are worthy of those who have gone before, we shall not falter in meeting the responsibilities of the times and underwriting the guaranties of liberty, freedom, and peace for the tomorrows.

These days call for high thinking, noble action, and unselfish dedication to the ideals of the Republic and to the spiritual verities which shall always be a source of strength and power in every crisis. It is well to remember that there has never been a night dark enough to put out the stars and that amid all the confusion, strife, and chaos extant in the earth, still this is my Father's world. Speaking of this atomic age, Walter Lippmann recently said, "Now the whole structure of our intellectual life must undergo a cleansing and reformation." Winston Churchill said about the same time, "Man must have a new heart." The great prophet Isaiah offered the solution more than 2,500 years ago when he wrote:

> They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Everything is not gloom and pessimism. War is not inevitable, peace is not impossible. There is more of human sympathy than the world has known before, and divine compassion is as inexhaustible as the measure of God's love. America has opened wide her heart and delved deep into her treasure to relieve the suffering and want of the hungry and starving of the world—both friend and foe.

We have in a practical way voiced our concern for the devastated nations of earth, and we have known no race or clime. Our American ideals have found expression in the fullness of our generosity and the breadth of our sympathy at home and abroad. All faiths and creeds give expression in song and story to our conception of the universality of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

It was a Catholic who wrote, Lead Kindly Light; it was a Baptist who wrote, "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me"; it was a Presbyterian who wrote "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee"; it was Martin Luther, the founder of the Lutheran Church, who wrote, "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing"; it was a Methodist who wrote, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high"; it was an Episcopalian, a follower of the Church of England, who wrote, "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all"; it was a Jew who wrote:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Thus speaking the universal language of mankind, voicing the hopes and the aspirations of the human heart.

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

Taps by Sgt. Chris G. Stergiou, United States Marine Corps.

Dr. Braskamp pronounced the following benediction:

"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift upon you His countenance and give you peace. Amen."

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased Senators, the Senate stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

Thereupon (at 3 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, April 22, 1948, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Memorial Address
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Address

Address by Senator McCarran

of Nevada

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, we do honor today to the memory of Members of this body whose voices are no longer heard except in our hearts, because they have gone on before us to that sweet rest and final reward which is to be accorded each of us in God's own time.

Among that company is JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, late United States Senator from Nevada.

It has been nearly 3 years, on the calendars of earth—but an infinitesimal instant on the calendar of Heaven—since JIM SCRUGHAM laid down his earthly tasks and moved onward and upward into the light of full knowledge; but our sense of loss at his passing remains fresh, and strikes poignantly whenever our thoughts turn, as they often do, to the days when he was with us.

When JIM SCRUGHAM went away, he left a void which will never be filled in the hearts of his friends and in the affections of the people of the great State which he served so long and so well.

I like to think of JIM SCRUGHAM as having gone on to a new frontier. He was a man who liked frontiers. He liked the challenge of a new frontier, and the opportunities it offered; opportunities for growth, and opportunities for service.

It was the lure of a new frontier which brought JIM SCRUGHAM to Nevada, 45 years ago. He was born in the great State of Kentucky, at Lexington, on January 19, 1880; and it was in the bluegrass country of Kentucky that he spent his youth and the earliest years of his manhood. He took his

bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering at the State University of Kentucky in 1900, and received his degree as mechanical engineer from the same institution 6 years later.

He came to Nevada in 1903 as professor in the College of Engineering at the University of Nevada. He returned again to Kentucky the following year to take as his bride Miss Julia McCann, of Lexington; and he returned once more in 1906 to receive the degree of mechanical engineer from the State University of Kentucky. But his service as a member of the faculty of the University of Nevada was continuous for 14 years, from 1903 to 1917; and such were his attainments and his abilities that from 1914 to 1917 he was dean of the College of Engineering at the University of Nevada.

In 1917, JIM SCRUGHAM laid aside the robe of an educator and took up the burden of public service, which he carried with honor to himself and profit to his State for the rest of his life.

In that year of 1917, with war clouds already darkening across the Atlantic, JIM SCRUGHAM became State engineer of Nevada. A year later, when the war clouds broke and this Nation joined the conflict, he accepted a commission as lieutenant colonel in the Army of the United States and served throughout the war with the Corps of Engineers, returning to his post as State engineer when the war was over.

With his fine war record and his outstanding service as State engineer, JIM SCRUGHAM was a natural choice of his party for the highest State office, and the people of Nevada elected him their Governor in 1923.

He was elected a Member of the House of Representatives from Nevada in 1933, and he spent the remaining 12 years of his life in the Halls of Congress. He spent 9 years in the House of Representatives, becoming one of the outstanding leaders of that body and the chairman of its Subcommittee on Naval Appropriations. He came to the United States Senate in 1942, and served here until his death.

His service in Congress is part of the history of the great State of Nevada. As State engineer of Nevada, he had helped to negotiate and had signed the Colorado River compact of 1922, which laid the foundation for harnessing that mighty stream; the series of dams and reservoirs and power plants which are making the desert bloom and furnishing the electrical energy for a vast new upgrowth of industry in the West. He never lost his interest in reclamation and in the development of the West; and his achievements in that field, not only for his own State but for all the States of that great area, won him the everlasting gratitude of the people whose lives he lightened, whose efforts he helped bring to fruition, and whose communities he made to prosper.

I will not attempt to recount all of JIM SCRUGHAM'S many accomplishments for his State. Any history of the State of Nevada recently written, or which is written in the future, will recount those accomplishments in far greater detail than I could recount them here.

JIM SCRUGHAM'S opinion of what could be accomplished for his State was sure and his vision as to its needs was wide and clear. His mind was capable of dealing with any emergency. With great depth and breadth of nature added to this extraordinary keenness of intellect, the resources of his wisdom were sufficient for every day and for any exigency. His dynamic energy and his capacity to get things done in a simple, unpretentious way were so typical of him that they were taken for granted, where in a lesser man they would have been marveled at.

JIM SCRUGHAM'S friends in Nevada, whom he knew by their first names, were numbered in the thousands. He was most sincere in his desire to make and retain friends, and he was always outstandingly loyal to them.

To JIM SCRUGHAM's thousands of friends, his loss was a personal matter, a sorrow which each one carries in his own heart. To the State of Nevada, the loss of JIM SCRUGHAM was the loss of one of its greatest and most able public servants.

> For others have come after, and yet others still shall come,
> But his place has not been filled, nor can it be.

For us here in the Senate, who worked with JIM SCRUGHAM, knew him well, respected him, admired him, and loved him, the memories of burdens shared with him, hands clasped, smiles exchanged, and help given and received, stay with us in our daily lives, to sweeten the bitterness of regret at his passing.

> Here where he stood, we stand,
> But not in tears.
> Light from a better land
> Vanishes fears.
> He is beside us, free,
> Whispering peace;
> Telling how happy he
> Found his release.

JIM SCRUGHAM was a man. We miss him. May God bless him and keep him.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *June 25, 1945.*

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, it is my sad duty to announce to the Members the death of my colleague, Senator JAMES G. SCRUGHAM of Nevada. In my public life I have never had occasion to make an announcement which so impressed me with sadness as the one which I am called upon to make to the Senate this afternoon.

Senator JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, as a young man, a graduate of the University of Kentucky, his native State, was called by my alma mater, the University of Nevada, to take the chair of electrical engineering in the University of Nevada. He was with us in Nevada only a short time when he was made dean of that institution.

As a teacher in engineering he was, as he has been found ever since, a persistent, persevering, sympathetic man. The boys who took the course under him loved him from the day they entered his classes until his death, and throughout the length and breadth of the earth his boys are today mourning the passing of their old teacher and adviser.

He had an unusual approach in guiding those who enrolled in his classes. If he saw that a new student seemed to lack aptitude for the particular line of work he taught, he took him into his counsel and tried to search into his very being in order to ascertain whether he was capable of carrying on that profession successfully as his life's activity. If he found that a boy was not suited to that calling and did not have the aptitude for that particular line of work, he counseled with him and found another place where the boy's natural inclination would have opportunity for greater success. So, when his boys graduated, everyone in his classes was called for by some of the great electrical engineering

concerns of the country, and found immediate employment, and they are standing today at the head of their particular line of work.

Mr. President, the First World War found Senator SCRUGHAM putting on the uniform of his country. He was commissioned a major and sent into the Ordnance Department where his bent naturally led him. Senators will recall that at that time, we were called upon to mechanize our Army in order to meet a mechanized army abroad. So JIM SCRUGHAM, the engineer, the man who had trained engineers, was called into the Army to be an engineer in Ordnance. And there he rose rapidly. When the war was over and he retired to private life he did so as a colonel. His work in the Army was outstanding. His Army record is marked by his inventive genius and the persistency with which he worked to accomplish things.

Returning to the State of his adoption he resumed classroom work, but he was in the classroom only a short time when the Governor of Nevada appointed him to be State engineer of the State of Nevada, a position of signal importance in Nevada, because the State engineer has charge of the adjudication of all water rights in the State, and, water being such a scarce commodity in that State, every drop of it is sacred. JIM SCRUGHAM had placed upon his shoulders the obligation of adjudicating differences between men concerning water rights. There is no more contentious thing in all the world than the subject of water—water which sustains life in the arid and semiarid States.

JIM SCRUGHAM, as was his custom, revolutionized the work of the engineer's office. Instead of calling to his office those who were in dispute, instead of adjudicating simply by looking over papers, SCRUGHAM went out into the field, out to the little streams, to the little water holes, to the springs, to the rivers, and there sat down on the riverbank perhaps, or in the meadow, or on the rancher's bench with the contestants,

and there on the scene decided the dispute, settled the trouble. His decisions were so wise and fair that there is not a farmer or a water user in all the length and breadth of Nevada who does not today love the name of JAMES G. SCRUGHAM.

Then, Mr. President, the people of the State of Nevada, recognizing JIM SCRUGHAM'S ability, called him to the Governor's chair. He served for one term as Governor with outstanding credit to himself. To be Governor in Nevada is a task of no mean magnitude, for it is a State containing 110,000 square miles, and since only 110,000 people live in those 110,000 square miles, the Governor practically has to touch the individual in order to solve the problems which are common to the people of a sparsely settled State. JIM SCRUGHAM became affectionately known as the Governor on wheels, because he traveled over the 110,000 square miles day in and day out, and met men in the little canyons, in the little draws, on the desert, and on the mountainside. Wherever there were men to meet, there the Governor of Nevada rode and rode and rode until he met them. He talked over with them their troubles and their problems, and then returned to his office to continue his work.

I have known him to spend a day in his office busily engaged in the work of the Governorship, and then at nightfall take the car and drive to Las Vegas, Nev., 550 miles distant, and arrive there at sunup the next day. That was a common occurrence with Gov. JIM SCRUGHAM. So every man, woman, and child in that broad State grew to know him, to speak his name with affection, and to love him.

I have heard it said with what I believe to be absolute candor that JIM SCRUGHAM could call more men in the State of Nevada by their given names than any other man in that State. I believe that to be true.

Then, Mr. President, having concluded a term in the Governor's office, a change of administration took place, and

he returned to private life, to become editor of the Nevada State Journal.

In 1932 the now senior Senator from Nevada and JIM SCRUGHAM held a conference, and then it was agreed that he would seek election to the House of Representatives on the Democratic ticket and that I would seek election to the Senate. We had worked together in private life. I had worked with him when I occupied a place on the court of last resort. We had worked together when he was in public life. We had grown to know and to love each other. We had grown to have confidence in each other, and that means much between men.

So in 1933, on the 4th of March, JIM SCRUGHAM became a Member of the House of Representatives. He served there for term after term with outstanding distinction. Early in his service he became the chairman of the Subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations having to do with naval appropriations. He became known all over the country for his zeal, for his diligence, for his application to duty. Again, as was his custom, he traveled much. He visited many places. He found the cause of many troubles and solved many of them.

Then in 1942 the people of his State elected him to the Senate of the United States. In the 12 years I have served here I have never known a more happy period than the period during which my beloved colleague, JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, served with me in the Senate. We saw eye to eye on public matters. We were close in counsel. We were one in ambition to do for our State and for our country as best we could.

Last November he came to the State of Nevada to stand at my side in a bitter battle until the ballots were counted. Late in November he was stricken with a heart ailment. He went to the hospital at Bethesda, where he spent many weeks. This spring he went to the hospital at San Diego.

He suffered much during those months; but through it all he displayed the attitude of mind which has always characterized him. He was always going to do this or that tomorrow. The last time I saw him was at the Bethesda Hospital, the day before he was to fly to the West. He said, "I am leaving tomorrow. I will be back in just 1 month, and I will be with you on the floor of the Senate." He never thought of death. To him life was everlasting. He was always going to do something "tomorrow," even though he was stricken and sorely sick.

Mr. President, it comes about that today I must announce his passing. I do so with a heavy heart. He was a teacher, soldier, engineer, Governor, and statesman, all par excellence. We bid farewell to a great Nevadan, a great American, and a much-loved colleague.

Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, for which I ask immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 145) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, late a Senator from the State of Nevada.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore of the Senate to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause, the President pro tempore appointed Mr. McCarran, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Wherry, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Taylor the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, I move that the Senate now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 33 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, June 26, 1945, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, *June 26, 1945.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, late a Senator from the State of Nevada.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *June 25, 1945.*

A message from the Senate by Mr. Gatling, its enrolling clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 145):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, late a Senator from the State of Nevada.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore of the Senate to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the above resolution the President pro tempore of the Senate appointed Mr. McCarran, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Wherry, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Taylor, members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Nevada [Mr. Bunker].

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, it is with a heavy heart that I pause today to pay tribute to the memory of United States Senator JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, of Nevada, former Member of the House of Representatives for a decade, who died Saturday, June 23, at naval hospital, in San Diego, Calif.

The last 20 years of his life was unselfishly devoted to the service of his State and Nation—4 years as Nevada State engineer, 4 years as Governor of that Commonwealth, and

then 10 years in Congress. He was elected to the Senate November 3, 1942.

Senator SCRUGHAM served as a major and lieutenant colonel in World War I, and saw active duty for short intervals during the present war as a colonel. He was active in veterans' affairs; was one of the original incorporators of the American Legion in 1919, and served as national vice commander of that organization. From 1927 to 1932 he was editor and publisher of the Nevada State Journal, at Reno.

He was a tireless worker, devoted to the well-being of his State and country always.

Almighty God has summoned him to his reward in his sixty-fifth year. We mourn his passing. His death must be a reminder to us, the living, that our days, also, are numbered. Under the Divine scheme we too have our work to do. Let us, too, do it well.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Plumley].

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, the many miles "JIM" SCRUGHAM and I have traveled in the air, over seas, across deserts, over mountains, and up ravines together in an effort to, and in the interest of, locating stock piles of strategic metals and materials for our national defense in days gone by, only cemented the bond of friendship between bitter political partisans recognizing the right of the other to differ with respect to economic and partisan policies in the Government interest.

This is a matter of record—"JIM" was a partisan—but always an American. He fought unflinchingly for what he believed to be for the best interest of the country for which he had twice offered to die, if necessary. He would say as much for me.

You can't argue theory with a man like that, who will give all he has for the principles in which he believes, except to suggest as both often did, that there might be two sides to a proposition to be considered.

As an engineer, civil, mining, and military, he always acceded to that suggestion, but frequently told me his way was the shortest and the best, both mathematically, economically, and politically. With no man I have known since early 1934 have I been so closely, intimately, and affectionately associated, as with the former Kentuckian, later Governor of Nevada and later Representative and Senator from that State: this man SCRUGHAM. I abhor and regret his taking off.

His record of achievement as a poor Kentucky boy who made that record and all the grades on ability, should be an incentive to every American boy of today. There was something about him which only those to whom he completely exposed himself and confided his dreams could properly evaluate. The House of Representatives never half recognized nor appreciated the fact of the greatness of this man among them whose memory we honor today, because he was too modest, too self-effacing to make known his capacity or what was in him.

Some few of us were permitted to slip inside the circle of his self-effacement with which he surrounded himself to learn the greatness of the man, who above all else was human, unassuming, and therefore really great.

In his death Nevada has lost a great representative in the Senate although an adopted son.

As a Member of Congress from his adopted State he did for it what no man hereafter can do or theretofore did—for no such opportunity to do for Nevada what he did will again be afforded any man.

I know whereof I speak. The country has lost one of its most modest, most all-out American representatives in the Congress, and in the Senate particularly, where he will be greatly missed measured by need.

Of course, I had hoped that if the day should come when either of us should go along down the trail which leads to the bourne from which no man is heard to speak and never returns, my friend of the years, the late Senator from Nevada

might say a word for me as his companion. It was not so ordered. It is difficult for many folks to know how such friendship as his and mine, between two people so emphatically and partisanly opposite can be established for perpetuity. Partisanship is only a differing of opinion as to how to best accomplish the end for which we both would fight. We might either of us be wrong.

I have lost a friend in whom I had absolute confidence; whose great ability I recognized; whose 100-percent Americanism always intrigued me and who as a genuine friend and magnet of pertinacity drew us so close together that only death has closed the contact. Requiescat in pace.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Murdock].

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, the death of Senator JAMES SCRUGHAM strikes me as a great personal loss. He was one of the first men, if not the very first Congressman I met when I came to Congress in 1937. He was then a Member of the House. He was my chief reliance during the years we were in the House together. As a new man, I looked to him for guidance, especially in the field of mining with which he was quite familiar. He gave me good advice and instructions on what was most needed in legislation and the best way to go about getting it.

Well do I remember that Congressman SCRUGHAM pointed out to me, long before this World War began, the need of adequate stock piles of critical and strategic war metals and minerals. We made a small beginning in the Navy appropriations bill passed in 1937. After that time he led the fight to get more adequate appropriations for stock piling materials needed in case of war. When war finally came Congressman SCRUGHAM did everything in his power to enable the United States Bureau of Mines to make inventory of mineral wealth and plan to make it available to our Nation at war in this most unusual war of machines and metals. We must leave it

to the historian to assess his contribution to victory in this phase of our preparation.

As one of the founders of the American Legion, our departed comrade and colleague was ever mindful of the veterans and how best to serve them. It was he who first called my attention to the possibility of putting water from the Colorado River on some land, part of it in Arizona and part in Nevada, a few miles south of the site of the proposed Davis Dam. It was veterans of the First World War he then had in mind, for this plan was announced to me before this present war started. This plan matured in his mind even before the Davis Dam had been authorized. He had a plan to pump water out of the river some 10 miles below the dam site and put it on land for the benefit of veterans. All this he had planned for disabled veterans and the plan was worked out to the smallest detail. It has been changed by circumstances but nothing would be more fitting than for it to materialize as a monument to his care for his former comrades in arms.

Sometimes JIM SCRUGHAM spoke roughly and even crudely. He was a man of few words but his hearers always knew what he meant. I think his gruff exterior was but a front to hide a great heart. I have heard him describe the men of the mountains and the prospectors on the deserts with genuine emotion and deep admiration together with appreciation. I have seen him confront powerful administrative officials of the Government who seemed about to rule adversely to the interest of his friends in the mountains and on the deserts, and I have seen him back these hard officials into a corner and change their minds for them. No wonder the men of Nevada thought so highly of him.

And did they know him and think well of him? I was amazed one time in crossing Nevada with my colleague that he seemed to know all we met, calling them by name, and they knew him and called him JIM. This happened at every wide place in the road and in remote places among stockmen and among miners. JIM SCRUGHAM may have adopted the

West, but the West had adopted him and valued him as only the frontier can appraise a man. He will be missed not only in Nevada but throughout the whole West. The Nation is the loser by his going from among us.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Snyder].

Mr. SNYDER. Mr. Speaker, I was chairman of the Subcommittee on Appropriations for the War Department and the late beloved Senator SCRUGHAM was chairman of the Naval Appropriations Subcommittee for some years. We came in contact a great many times. He was always willing to sit down and go over things that had to do with the welfare of the Nation as to appropriations. I want it on the Record here to show that he gave me more insight into the strategic resources of our Nation, and my belief is that he did more toward arousing the American people in research and development of strategic materials than any other one man in America.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Case].

Mr. CASE of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, JAMES SCRUGHAM believed in America. He believed in the West. He was intelligent and effective in his beliefs. What he did for the development of America extends far beyond the confines of the State of Nevada. I personally found him to be very helpful, particularly in working for exploration and development of the gigantic manganese deposits in South Dakota. He was the author of a recommendation accompanying a naval appropriation bill that was the pattern I followed for a recommendation accompanying a military appropriation bill, to set aside a certain fund for experimentations in the beneficiation of domestic ores. We then collaborated on a program which still is going on and from which will flow, I confidently believe, true independence for the United States in this important element for the manufacture of steel.

In another instance we collaborated on a provision in an appropriation bill to make effective the Buy-American Act in the procurement of certain military and naval stores in times of peace, that subsequently had a beneficial effect in preparing America for the time of trial through which she has been passing. Until it came out in the news of his death, I had not known that Senator SCRUGHAM was a native of Kentucky. It is clear that there flowed in his veins, the heritage of the pioneers who made the early West in our Nation's history, and who successively went to the newer frontiers to live out the spirit of endeavor and enterprise which has been the genius of America. I am sorry to see JIM SCRUGHAM go. The West and America will always be in debt to his creative, productive life.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Massachusetts [Mrs. Rogers].

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I wish to pay tribute to the gentleman from Nevada, the late Senator SCRUGHAM. It was my pleasure to know him first when he was a Member of the House and to talk over problems with him. I knew then his great ability as a mining expert, a mining authority.

I went to him about matters concerning the Navy. I realized more and more what a great expert he was on naval matters, what a tremendous study he made of everything pertaining to the Navy. The strength and upbuilding of the Navy was vitally important to the whole country. He worked tirelessly on that subject.

Mr. Speaker, I was very much touched during a part of his severe illness that he took the trouble to take up from his hospital bed some matters concerning the Navy in which I was extremely interested. He was enormously helpful. I sent him messages to the hospital and he in turn sent me messages. Although desperately ill he wanted to help the Navy and the country.

Mr. Speaker, a great patriot and a very loyal and true gentleman in every sense has gone to his reward. We shall miss him.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. Powers].

Mr. POWERS. Mr. Speaker, I share with every Member of this House deep regret at the passing of our good friend Senator SCRUGHAM. He and I came to the House together back in 1933. We went on the Appropriations Committee together, and we served there until he was elevated to the Senate. JIM and I were extremely close. He was a fine loyal friend, and, best of all, a real American. The State of Nevada and the entire Nation has sustained an irreparable loss. We here in the House extend our sincere condolences to his family.

Mr. BUNKER. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution (H. Res. 303).

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES G. SCRUGHAM, a Senator of the United States from the State of Nevada.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of two Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the gentleman from Nevada [Mr. Bunker] and the gentleman from California [Mr. Gearhart] as members on the part of the House to attend the funeral.

The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 46 minutes p. m.) the House, pursuant to its previous order, adjourned until 11 o'clock a. m. tomorrow, Tuesday, June 26, 1945.

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
3 1262 05890 7766

FLARE

FLARE
31262058907766